

2011

February's Belly

Abby Current
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Current, Abby (2011) "February's Belly," *Exile*: Vol. 57 : No. 1 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol57/iss1/25>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

February's Belly

I did not notice the scent of carrots
Until it crept to me like a cat,
Sweet and musky, clean as clear water.
My cheek follows the June smell
Sharpened, deepened against the snow.

Scents have no words of their own.
Metaphors and similes are not theirs;
Bitter and sharp are tastes.

I leave behind me the cool brick building,
Sink through the spring-smelling winter air.
Was that a robin crackling through the trees?
The breeze, friendly and familiar,
A smooth brush of goosebumps on my skin.
Suspicion will grumble on my shoulder.
I won't hear it.
Stop, close my eyes, slow my heartbeat
And smell spring approaching.